



2018

HALLMARKS





# Hallmarks 2018

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Art and Literature from the Upper School

**The Harpeth Hall School  
3801 Hobbs Road  
Nashville, TN 37215**

*Cover image by Grace Scowden  
Etching on Plexiglass (opposite) by Zoe Miles  
Mixed Media (back cover) by Ashley Zhu*



# To My Sister, As You Sprout

*Margaret Gaw*

Your words are like petals  
sent to every corner of the world  
by the wind.  
The sunflower that birthed them  
is home to the bees.  
Beware of the chemicals  
of the world  
that mar and maim your beauty.  
They stick around like honey on a doorknob  
and seep to your soul through the stem.  
Your words will build masterpieces  
or willow trees  
or playgrounds  
or Cair Paravels.  
Remember that you are a  
great fairy and faun and  
artist and alibi and  
warrior and warbler.  
Create for others an aroma of kindness  
and a feeling of life, so  
on the day you die,  
you're a woman who always loved  
but never  
compromised.

*Monoprint with Acua Ink by Julia Jane Eskew*







# Comings and Goings

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*Margaret Gaw*

the world welcomes a willow tree:  
complex corridors carry water, and  
little waves brush viridian braids,  
reaching into a microcosm of tulips  
and flattened moss where someone played,  
protected by the shade of the bride of silence.

the steady and slender branches thirst the sun:  
roots rip through Earth,  
a sharp scratch, an uncanny rustling;  
wood ants slide down sap  
into the unleveled moss of underneath,  
soon to be sketched with leaves.

the voyage gives and bids resurgence:  
for the narrowed brow and embowed disposition,  
domed by days of journey,  
little waves welcome heavy curtains,  
the floating tips in the reflective pool,  
the forever yearning for a place unknown

*Watercolor on Paper by Julia Jane Eskew*





## A Lesson Learned in Time

*Vignette by Sarah Parks • Ink Sketch by Ashley Zhu*

Every Sunday we go to church. Up a hill, down a hill, up a hill, and there we are. Summer, fall, winter, spring. Every Sunday. A cloudy day in May, Mom and Dad and Anne Davis and Dan and I.

Every Sunday Dad plays the radio in his car. Mom says turn it down, but really, she likes listening. We all do. I don't know the songs, but I like listening.

*Another turning point, a fork stuck in the road*

I know this song! says Dan.

I like this song, says Dad.

Yes, agrees Dan, me too.

I don't know the song, but I want to contribute: It's sweet, I say.

Really? Anne Davis rolls her eyes.

Does she not hear the words?

*I hope you had the time of your life*

Listen to the words! I protest.

I did listen! And it's not sweet. It's sarcastic.

Sarcastic?

*It's not a question, but a lesson learned in time*

Sarcastic? Dad says that sarcastic is when you say one thing but mean another. I don't understand. Why would you not just say what you mean? How do people know what you mean if you don't say it?

Dad tries again. It's a form of irony. Irony?

*It's something unpredictable, but in the end it's right*

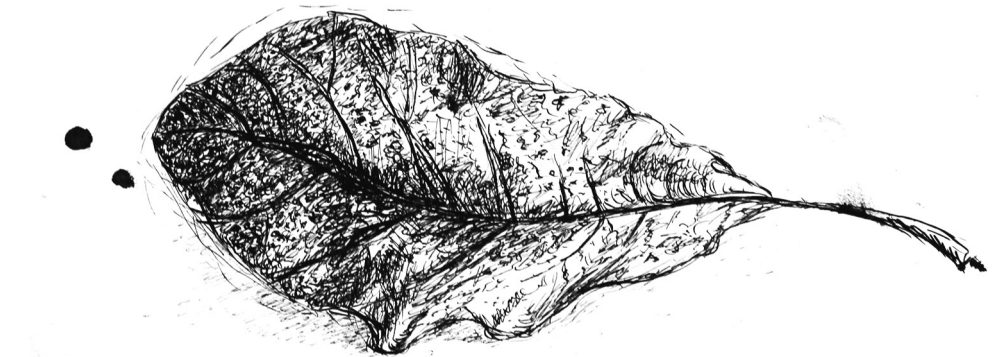
Irony? Dad says irony is when something happens but you were expecting something else.

Irony? One sibling says irony is like a panda.

Irony? The other sibling says they don't know what irony is but it's nothing like a panda.

Irony? Mom says I'll understand when I'm older.

But nothing will be different when I'm older. I'll never understand. No one says something they don't mean. No one says something they don't mean to tell people what they do mean. No one would understand. I will never understand. Irony? Mom says I'll understand when I'm older.



*India Ink and Pen Sketch by Marguerite Trost*





# Ode to a Watch

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*Sarah Parks*

You, watch, are	as boxcars blurring
in-	through December
finite,	and yet
en-	listless
compassing	as a cat in a puddle
my finite	of sun.
wrist.	
Your loyal face	You exist
faces	to tame time,
forward,	break her
marching	spirit,
midnight	saddle her
to dewdrop dawn.	for
You boast	life
a field of fragrant	for
lavender,	earth.
woven about your	Until
face	she breaks
all still but	free,
blink	to throw us
blink	to stars,
blink	to trample us
steady	to dust.

*Watercolor on Paper by Josephine Fentriss*



# And What Would You Say If You Could?

*Poem by Haviland Whiting • Pen and Collage by Julia Jane Eskew*

he always called me some variation  
of fruit,  
“be careful, sugar plum” in the 1970’s, we would fall  
slipping on the moss.  
I asked my father  
“does god exist?”  
and I would hang from a tree,  
feel the blood rush to my head,  
vertigo is a symptom  
of excess of desire.  
but,  
and what now?  
what do you call love?  
myself and all the seashells I collect  
my father, who speaks like vinyl  
I’m not sure I matter.  
I remember laughing in the snow,  
my sister and her long, black hair.  
and what is the shape of your body?  
we speak with a twang down here  
and people love hard.  
it will never be enough.  
I want to believe there’s life before death—  
walking with my father,  
I realize there can be no death without it.  
and, among other things,  
is your life significant?  
“it could be”  
if it wasn’t for lack of love,  
I would’ve remembered my first kiss.







# Growing Up

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*Sophie McKenzie*

As the grass flees from the ground  
Like a car slipping out into the thick night  
Acknowledge the future as an unfair gift  
When the flower dies and a  
Sweet smell is sickly and heavily layered  
So does the end of childhood reek  
Of the rising sun and falling sun  
Until after you appear to fall deep into  
The velvet darkness, a cave  
And the life everlasting withers not

*Mixed Media by Maddie Miller*



# Love

*Lizzy Asad*

Somewhere  
A seed is being planted.

It is a culmination of interactions,  
One person drawing strength from another,  
A little fall of rain with every smile,  
A slip of wind with every gesture.

Every moment yields a soft breath onto the seed  
Which burrows its fledgling root into the dark chambers.

It is a balm for isolation,  
One person comforting another,  
A little forever with every minute,  
A slip of memory with every word.

Every moment is a hand that guides the sapling,  
Pulling its spindly branches into pulsing veins.

It is a soft place to land.  
One person cradling another,  
A little birdsong with every sigh,  
A slip of sunlight with every caress.

Every moment is a leaf that shelters the flowers,  
Blossoming with hues of happy gold and serene blue.

It binds the spirit, soul, and heart together with silver string,  
And lets it float into an endless starry sky.

Every sight-sound-sensation strengthens your tree  
Against the weight of the world.  
Your flowers form alabaster seeds that fall from your fingertips  
And join the raging current of the universe.

Somewhere,  
A tree is being grown.



*Mixed Media by Ashley Zhu*





# I'm Afraid of Falling

---

*Anonymous*

Love is being so glad  
Almost to the brink of fear,  
And you make me so glad.

But I am afraid  
That we will fall  
Too quickly and too dangerously.

I can't fall with you.  
I can't lose a part of myself.  
I can't be in love.

I am so sorry,  
But I hope your fall is much softer  
Than mine would have been.

# Shambles

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*Jordan Zeigler*

Wisps of clean air burn  
Past us as we tumble through  
What we thought was love

*Mixed Media by Maddie Miller*



# Cracked Screens and Misunderstood Scenes

---

*Kate Pittman*

I was trying to write something,  
something that would make you feel this.

This...  
pain.  
This ache.  
This hurt.

That I feel.  
I placed my trembling hands on the keys,  
and a lump formed in my throat.

I moved the mouse around,  
and my head began to spin into a dizzying blur.

I whispered your name at the screen,  
and tears slowly slid down my face.

Nothing could more effortlessly describe  
what you did to me.  
I'm now broken.  
Just like my heart,  
my mind,  
and my computer.

*Drypoint Etching by Jojo Lampka*







# Enough

*Poem by Lizzy Asad • Gouache and Acrylic on Cardboard by Maggie Tattersfield*

I remember the 1st.  
Our diner's cracked counters.  
Sticky sweet tea that did nothing  
But wet our paper napkin tongues.  
Everyone was chit-chattin' about the win  
But your face was transfixed,

Mesmerized with something else.  
The booth seat croaked when I took a seat.  
I followed your line of sight to  
The sugar dispenser  
And saw my face looking back at  
Me.



# Ode to My Window Curtain

*Poem by Meg Bueter • Gouache on Wood by Jennie Gaw*



My dear, window curtain,  
I do.  
I do love your translucent beauty  
Your slight glow, like the moon  
at nightfall.  
I do love your wrinkles  
for they remind me that nothing is ever truly smooth.  
The way you resist my grasp,  
my fingers pulling your blue stripes  
Against your will.  
I do love the gentle wind  
of your inhale  
Your breath caressing my face  
like a white wedding glove.  
I do love your steadfast obedience  
Whatever direction I twirl you in, you follow.  
I do love how darkness envelops you  
as the stars replace the clouds.  
The sun rises, and you glow  
Again.  
But oh, dearest window curtain,  
You will only really shine  
when you allow me  
To see what lies beyond you.  
And, one day, I will.



## Stars

*Elizabeth Massey*

Do you remember when you and I tattooed the sky onto our skin?  
Tried to recreate the constellations and become the heavens?  
Then the ink would wash away and we'd redraw them the next day, never the same.  
Do you remember in those moments it was just you and me and the ink,  
left to our own imagination and creations. When the world was at peace.  
Do you remember our memories? So many fleeting moments.

I'm scared you've forgotten me.

*Photograph by Elizabeth Massey*



# Seventeen

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*Annie Griffin*

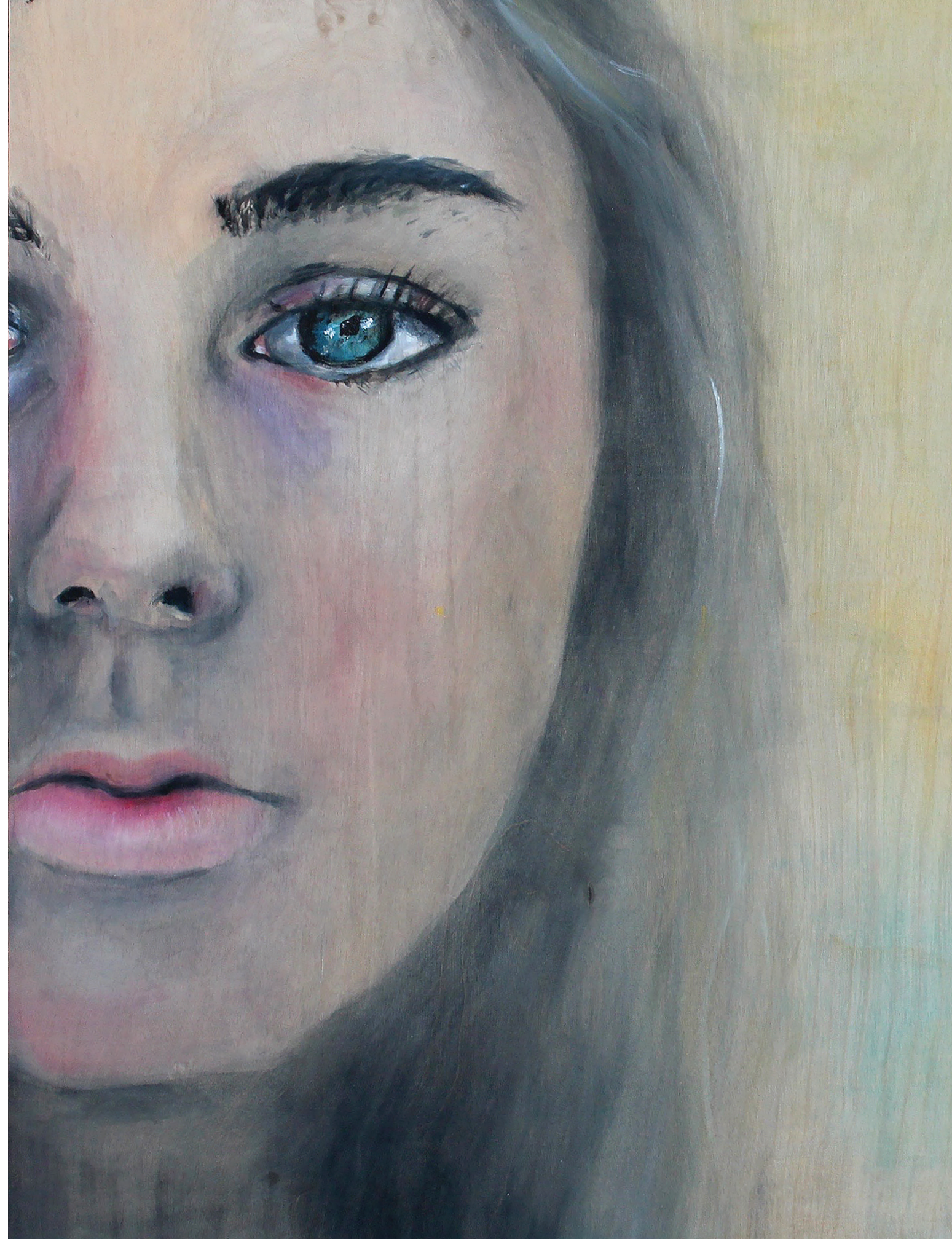
I slip my foot into worn-down, six-inch heels. I glance in the dimly-lit bathroom mirror and barely recognize the figure staring back at me. Sighing, I smooth the skimpy skirt that barely covers my legs and examine the dark black lines outlining my tired eyes. My mother would say that seventeen is too young to be looking like this, and my father would definitely disapprove—but they aren't here to protest.

I stumble down the stairs of the dingy apartment building and onto the busy street. I make my way to the familiar bar the other girls and I usually gather by. I receive a small smile from one of the girls who fled home with me. Taking a deep breath, I put on my best smile as an older man approaches me. I understand little of what he says, but I know what he wants. I reply with the few Spanish words I have picked up since my arrival: "*Vamos a volver a mi apartamento.*" The words feel foreign as they roll off of my tongue, but he doesn't seem to notice.

I take hold of his grimy hand as I lead the short walk back to my apartment. Once we're inside my nearly empty room, he pushes me against the wall a little too roughly, but I just wince and bite my lip. A sour taste fills my mouth as he forces his rough lips onto mine. I try to focus on anything other than my tanktop riding higher and higher up my torso. I stare blankly at the red numbers on the clock reading 12:02. Soon enough this will be over, I reassure myself.

I grip the sheets close to my body as I crave my mother's arms and quiet voice to comfort me. Instead, I'm greeted with the snores of the unfamiliar man beside me. On nights like this, I long for home, for friends and family, for some sense of familiarity. But, home is not the same now. Home has been destroyed by the earthquake, my family's bodies lying lifeless under the rubble. So, in a foreign country, I lay alone, selling my innocence at seventeen, the walls around me threatening to cave in at any moment.

*Gouache on Wood by Maddie Miller*







# Silence's Scream Is Softly Spoken

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*Kate Pittman*

Silence is a poem  
Spoken by many,  
Yet understood by few

The words of the poem are read aloud  
Through soft, quiet cries  
In the dead of night

Its words are not written in ink  
But rather in the blood  
which rushes through us

Our heart is the author.  
Its furious pounding,  
Like hands to a keyboard,  
Helps to drown out the chaos  
which it unravels around us

The words are read not on paper,  
but rather seen on our skin  
The scars show the lines of rhyme  
And bruises show spots where the ink ran over

The poem of silence demands to be felt, heard, and helped  
It is an author's plea for humanity  
A child's only escape

*Ink, Charcoal, and Cutout Collage by Kalla Freeman*



# Runaway

*Elizabeth Massey*

That girl over there, she looks like someone who I used to know.

With the pixie hair and a devil smile.

The face of a goddess, always getting into and out of trouble.

She was always that friend that everyone looked at.

I was the friend that was overlooked, but it didn't matter. She didn't overlook me.

A long time ago, she said to me, "We're going for ride."

So we hopped in the car, no destination on our minds.

We drove forever, the radio turned up and the windows down.

We drove till the sun kissed the earth, and as it sunk into the ocean we parked the car.

Nothing to do and nowhere to be, we climbed on the roof  
and sat and watched the stars appear one by one in the sky.

We talked about nothing and everything

until we couldn't see our fingers in front of our eyes.

Then we got in the car and drove till the sky broke and the black became blue.

But that was back when we had no worries.

Of all the things to remember, somehow this is the one that stuck out in my mind.

I guess it's because that was the last time I saw my best friend.

This is the only thought that filled my mind, when I saw that girl in the street.

The one that looked just like her.

It was just my mind playing tricks on me,

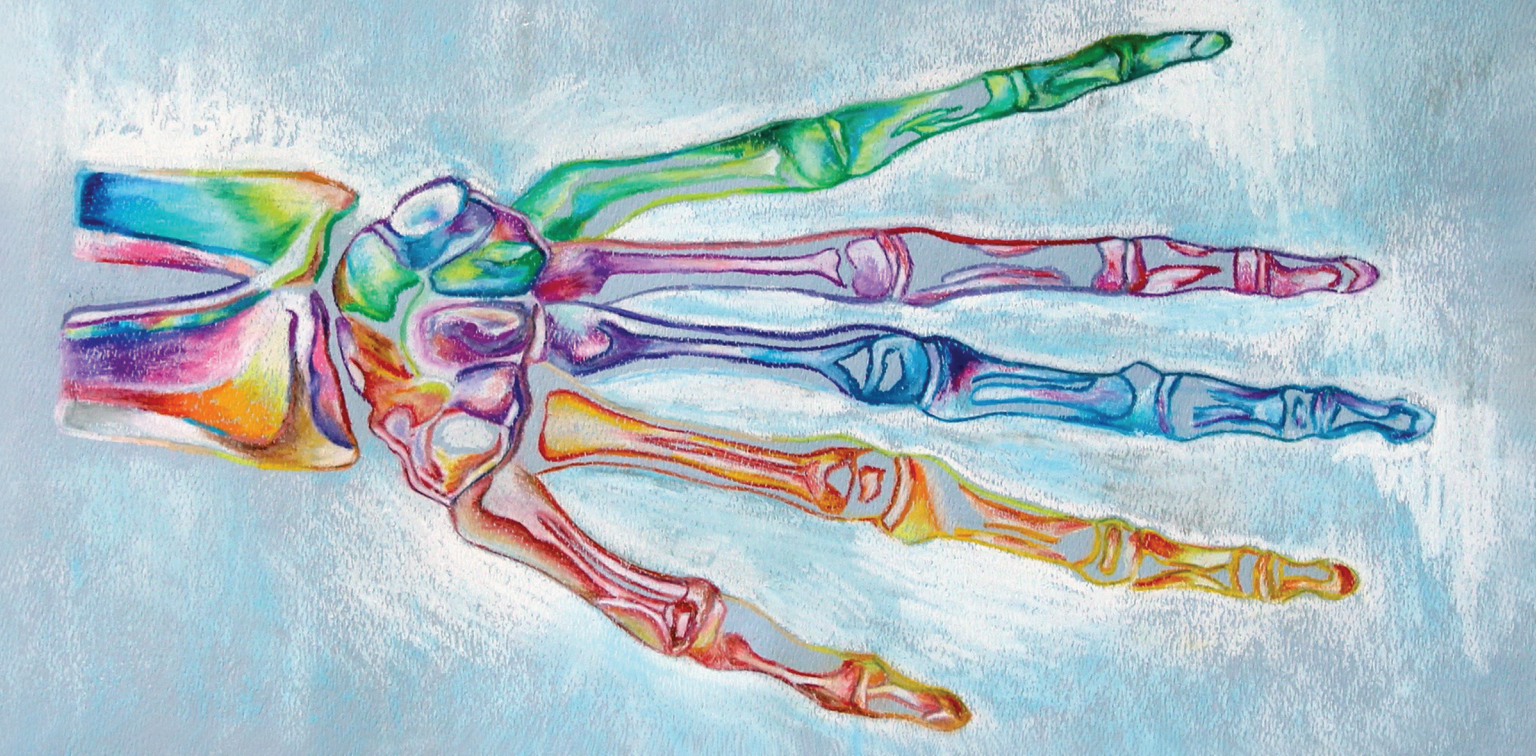
but I swear she looked at me, smiled—that devil smile—and whispered,

*"Miss me?"*

*Oil on Canvas Paper by Emma Clark Luster*







# What Do You Know About Dismemberment?

*Poem by Haviland Whiting • Chalk Pastel Sketch by Julia Jane Eskew*

like the  
roar of the sea at night  
and the  
harrowed footsteps through marshes  
and the  
rhythmic percussion on drums  
and the  
aching right hand and the slumped back  
tired from carrying a weight that will never disappear?  
is feeling  
alive, electric, belonging  
worth enduring every phantom limb,  
and capsized boat,  
and dusty gravel creating fissures on the soles of your feet?  
is it like  
breaking chains you didn't even know you were wearing?  
is it like

kissing the face of the river only to have your head held down?  
isn't suicide supposed to be intentional?  
“Intentional”—that's an interesting word.  
intentional like crossing borders and boundaries  
and scraped knees and home leaving you behind.  
and loving something so fiercely  
that pride sinks into its shell?  
were you trapped between the bank of the river  
and the strong scent of Ellis Island?  
did you not read the plaque on the statue?  
you're not welcome here.  
is it like  
dying only to find out  
it was really a deep sleep?  
is it like  
waking up to a lover you don't recognize?  
and is it still called love  
when his eyes look like the men who took your mother?  
and is love ever to be found  
in the belly of a ship?  
did you feel eaten alive down there?  
what do you remember about the earth,  
when there is only water?  
do you remember fire and rubble?  
and will you convert to Christianity?  
do you remember  
birthing a baby on a raised platform  
with the desert heat and the heart of Africa  
beating along with you?  
do you remember not hearing the baby cry?  
do you remember crying?  
your name is an abandoned alphabet here.  
do you remember the faces of the women?  
black like charcoal, lined with shadow and light, too?  
do you remember their children?  
do they remember their children?  
forgetting is so easy when home is a dangling appendage,  
far too heavy to withstand the long journey.  
where did you come from?  
will you go back?  
i want to begin—  
What is it like to begin?



# Mister Donut in Hiroshima

January 2017

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*Sunni Luo*

Pit-pat, four pairs of feet trudged through Hiroshima.  
She was nodding off, we still wanted donuts.  
Six dozen years ago everything  
Was radioactive rubble.

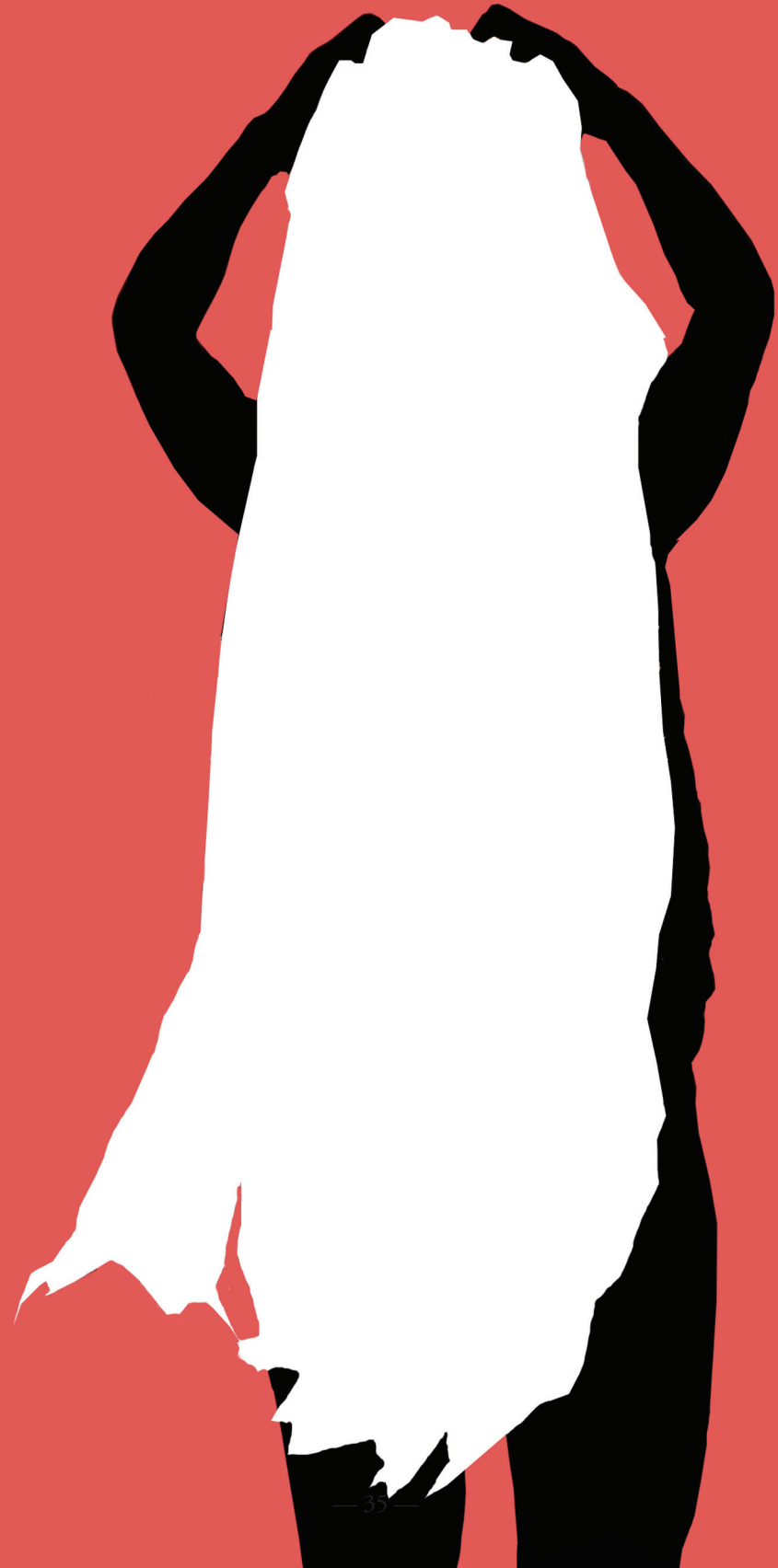
One bluehead, a pinkhead, a blonde and me  
in this small, sad, shriveled old city  
passing by hollow haze from car headlights  
chatting of nothing and everything  
in a melancholy snow globe.

I heard a mumble, biting my donut  
And decided it was imagination  
But the soft wet snow floated down gently  
And left little puddles on our shoulders  
As we crossed the bridge back home that night.

I stopped on the bridge's scapula  
Tying my shoe when little puddles  
Falling from constellations like unblinking eyes  
Silently pleaded, day into night  
Echoing voices in a scorching world of light  
Water, water, please if you might!

*Mizu o kudasai*

*Digital Art by Bucky Fuchs*







# An Anti-Ode to Writing Assignments

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*Poem and Pencil Drawing by Maya Misra*

Don't ask me to conjure up a poem on demand—  
I'll just write what I already understand.  
True poetry is the one-liner I'd never say aloud,  
My thoughts on people in the subway crowd,  
The middle-of-the-night, bolt-upwards revelations,  
And debates on the universe's machinations,  
NPR musings on a morning drive,  
And the ineffable sense that I am alive.  
My poetry is not some grade for English Lit,  
It is the world, and my place in it.





## A Writer's Mythology

*Short Story by Bianca Sass • Ink and Colored Pencil by Ashley Zhu*

On top of the car, close to the stars, nearing the angelbreath clouds. “Do divine beings shiver?” she asks.

He nods. “But not from the cold.”

They’re both writers. They turn every 10 p.m. into a prompt, a metaphor, a fever dream. “I have a new poem. It’s about light,” she says, looking for moonbeams reflected on her ... exhale. “Light and its affair with shadows.”

He tilts his head towards the night sky and every shade of blue dribbles onto him. Every star sprinkles down. “I’m creating a mythology.”

“So you decided to play God.”

“No, I decided to test him.”

They’re both writers. They take apart the world and bend the screws.

“How so?” she prods, lying back and dangling her heels over the hood—dangling her mind over oblivion, desperate to color it into infinity.

He runs his hand through his hair and it stands up straighter. They’re both writers. Their fingers are electric. “I wanted to see how God would feel about me dividing him into a few dozen quasi-gods.

Handing out the pieces like orange slices,” he explains. “Like they’re something you can swallow.”

He smiles. “Now you get the picture.”

She takes the bait, threads the hook through her lip. They’re both writers. They gut themselves for questions when they want to compose answers. “Tell me about your religion,” she says.

The angels lower their ears to the ground.

“One god has the job of pointing every flower on earth towards the sun,” he begins. “Light,” she whispers, watching him. Watching him serve as a conduit between heaven and the mosaics behind eyelids. Between rain which freezes in the stratosphere and empty bottles on the bottom of the sea. She cracks the window to his crown chakra.

He continues, “Another god follows people around with a paint brush and buckets of darkness, in charge of their—”

“Shadows.”

They’re both writers. They sew together opposites.

He turns to her, brings the tide with him. “Now, tell me about your religion.”

“I write poems, not mythologies,” she reminds him.

He shakes his head. “Every poet creates gods.”

She hums, a magnet for every idea she’s ever hidden in the soil. Every piece of prose she’s buried until dirt wedged between her nails. Every seed of parallel universe she never watered after planting.

“I think every god is a different color,” she begins, then pauses. Pauses to see if the words will balance. If her words can survive outside the body.

He holds them steady, but asks, “Dividing up the rainbow? So you’re playing Botticelli.” “No, I just decided to test him.”

They’re both writers. They breathe synesthesia.

She continues. “The yellow god fills the oceans, doesn’t care about getting wet. Keeps the truth from our lungs and lies from our spines.”

“Keep going.”

“The purple god makes sure thunder and lightning never touch. And pours hope into our mouths when we’re asleep.”

“Like it’s something you can swallow.”

She nods. “Now you get the picture.”



# Letter to a Poet

*Missive by Stella Vujic • Digital Collage (altered) by Scout Robbins*

Dear Li-Young Lee,

There's a feeling in your poem "From Blossoms" that I had been looking for but could never, in so many words, articulate. It is that unmistakable feeling of eternity that sometimes washes over us mortal beings, embedded in the simplest of moments; it is the closest I've ever come to comprehending infinity. The moment is fleeting, yet it is made from the fabric of forever. For you, this moment was of peach blossoms. And from your blossoms came my raindrops in the afternoon, inviting me down a bend in the road.

It wasn't raining. It wasn't misting. It was spraying outside, an incessant barrage of cool water droplets, not falling out but simply emerging from the impenetrably gray sky. I started my run on the slick gray asphalt, covered by a leafy green canopy of trees and winding high above the Steeplechase. Perhaps it was the coolness of the September day, the intermittent breeze, the odd serenity of an empty trail that, in nicer weather, is brimming with people. But something was different. In the relative emptiness I felt myself beginning to fly.

My feet pounded the road steadily. The hard hills came and my breaths deepened. My arms pumped faster. I reached the peak and began my descent, step by step. Down the winding path I went, then up again. From hill to hill, raindrop to raindrop. Inhale to exhale. I felt my salty sweat mix with the coolness of the pure water enveloping me, bred from the clouds and untarnished by the matter of the ground.

Two miles down. I turned around, retracing my steps and running the same path in the opposite direction, with a new perspective. I felt a lactic pain course through my muscles and then ebb away. By this point I had reached my flow; it was a sort of steadiness, almost ease. I felt like my whole being was inextricably tied to the trees that surrounded me, pulling me forward and imprinting themselves on my memory. I was breathing not only air, but leaves and branches and the solid sound of my footsteps. This was the winding jubilation of run.

I descended into a foggy basin at a dip in the road. A gentle whiteness, not ominous but nevertheless forceful, flitted amongst soaring trees. It was as if the fog were alive, sharpening my dulled perceptions and exposing the world's subtle magic. I couldn't look at it hard enough. I consumed the silent scene, and it carried me along, from branch to branch, wing to wing.

Four miles done. I had reached the Steeplechase once again. Gingerly, I removed my shoes and stepped out onto the course. The grass was lusciously green, buoyed by the soft earth below and covered with gently-decaying leaves. After the first stride I looked down at my feet. They were roots, covered in dew and grass and leaves and blue veins. I looked out on the empty green course, and for an instant I grasped the infinite; I felt the ethereal raindrop. I stood still.

You were right: there are days in which we live as if time has disappeared from the background; from inhale to exhale to inhale, from footstep to footstep, from raindrop to raindrop to incredible raindrop, to sweet incredible raindrop.



# The Consequence of Silence

*Poem by Haviland Whiting • Photograph by Valerie Sheehan*

It's 1.  
I'm checking the lock on the door,  
She's running water in the sink.  
The sky is rosy with summer glow.  
We laugh,  
Allow August to thaw her heart-  
Break is a funny thing  
A reminder that people are here forever  
Until they're not until  
Autumn arrives.  
With every snapping branch, I feel  
Her hands grow colder  
Until one day I reach for them and there's just  
Ice makes the ground slick  
While I call the helpline.  
The woman who answers has a voice  
Like melted honey,  
Her voice is like summer while  
I'm trapped in  
Winter comes too quickly.

She hasn't eaten in days,  
Nothing but tea  
Which she brews with the bags under her  
Eyes.  
My winter girl.  
Fine porcelain and teacups,  
White paper and black pen.  
The letter that you will write me  
Will be born in the winter.  
I take your hand again, tell you  
That everything will be  
Okay is a myth.  
I've learned through seeing my best friend eat  
herself alive  
that living  
Is the suicide of the mind.  
I know if she records a tape,  
my name will be first.  
I stand, waiting with my hands outstretched.  
I wait for her to come to bed,

Tears are like icicles and they burn,  
My winter girl is walking down the hall,  
I ask if she's locked the door.  
She runs bath water  
I wait for summer to come.  
When spring arrives,  
She's wearing a new shade of skin.  
Having swallowed her old one, she is  
Sleeping soundly on her side.  
April is visiting quietly, the curtains  
Are swaying in the breeze.  
I take note of every laceration on her wrist,  
I take note of her thinning waist and her  
Thinning hair.  
I say nothing.  
I know my name will be the first on the tape.  
I want to bring her soup and water as if  
This is a common cold,  
As if winter doesn't stick  
to the roof of my mouth  
Like blood.

But this is a flu. She starves.  
It's summer again.  
The sky is orange at 2 am.  
The world ended mid-July.  
I'm writing this letter two years too late.  
Two voicemails too late  
You never left a tape or a note,  
But I know my name was first.  
My winter girl,  
like an unfamiliar relative  
these words took years to arrive,  
My porcelain and paper girl  
  
I'm writing you into memorial  
before you're even gone,  
Trying to fit my pain into computer code  
enter: me  
output: you  
command:  
Hurting, hurting, hurting  
public static and avoid

Output:

Did you check the lock  
on the door?



# An Ode to Myself (an exercise in self love)

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*Poem by Valerie Sheehan • Acrylic on Canvas by Maddie Miller*

I am made of soft canvas shoulder bags  
with faded red straps that cut into the shoulder,  
pale green lichen on jagged tree bark,  
mint beeswax chap stick,  
wild sage and Black-eyed Susans,  
bright butter yellow against a red brick mailbox.

I was born just before the crack of dawn,  
before the golden-feathered sun  
slipped from its shell  
into the sky,  
and I foresee my death  
in a quiet, purple haze evening  
lit by fireflies and porch lights  
and the metronome of heartbeats.

I drink English Breakfast Tea at 1 a.m.,  
because it is ante meridiem  
(morning enough for me),  
and I can substitute the swirls of cream  
for soft morning clouds.

I write poems with  
short  
short  
lines,  
because I lose myself in long ones that stretch to the end of the page  
(or to the end of the earth—whichever comes first).

I pinch my pennies  
(and nickels, and dimes)





I always forget to dot my i's,  
and I always dream in fragments—

fragments of memory flashing vivid  
across my eyes in the morning mist  
that settles over the grass  
before the sharp rays of sunrise.

Stained glass windowpanes line my rib cage  
and keep the floodwaters at bay—  
a guard wall of light and color and brilliance,  
with an infrastructure of soldered lead and sharp white marrow.

I am a child of the forest,  
of ancient standing trees  
and golden-amber sap,  
of Luna Moths and lunar phases,  
and feathered eggshell skies.

I was born to this earth,  
molten by sun and tempered by rain,  
raised in forest fires and moonlit nights,  
cradled in the arms of the stars  
before I knew to call them by name.

I was born to this earth,  
and when my flesh and bones turn brittle,  
when my eyes cloud over and my lungs are paper-thin—

to it I will return.

# Observations from Earth

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*Poem by Seville Croker • Photograph by Ellie Truitt*

I lay on the wooden bench  
I asked the gods to move the clouds so I could see the stars  
The clouds ran away, and I thanked them  
But the sky was an ongoing stampede

I looked for the moon  
He was nowhere in sight  
I looked for more of my friends  
But there was no one  
I was Alone

A chill like lightning shot through my spine  
No wind  
No stars  
No energy  
Just an empty yet infinite sky

I watched yellow windows turn black  
And with them went my spirit  
I was Alone with Myself  
No light within me  
Alone with the most powerful and destructive goddess  
My Mind







# Forgotten Labyrinth

*Poem by Browning Clark • Monoprint by Marguerite Trost*

blue green veins  
tracing her nimble frail hands  
like a medieval aging labyrinth

lying at her side  
palms down  
for nothing to hold  
onto anymore

compartmentalizing stories  
and lessons learned  
into the 1 foot by 1 foot squares  
taunting her  
above her bed  
forced to linearize her full round memories

*“Hold on another day.  
Don’t let go quite yet.  
They’ll come tomorrow, I know.”*

illuminated by the industrial light  
the light glimmering  
attempting to break free  
of the center of the labyrinth  
located left of her center  
flickered  
on  
and off  
then gone.





## A Haibun: It is Raining and in a Puddle A Gingko Leaf

*Haibun by Ashley Zhu • Print by Mary Johnson*

floats. It is young and the blue or gray of not knowing what it wants but rivulets swell over its face and gently nudge it towards the others.

It has forgotten its name but knows some part of it means *sister*:

I am in the street where the windows are gray and for a moment the rain swells so I see you floating in the space behind me. I pick you up and think how you sometimes do that in my reflection. Perhaps I no longer swell into your own, perhaps that swelling never happened, but in either dimension I smile anyway. In mine, we both do. In my dimension, we are holding hands for the first time, the first time we have held it with someone instead of taking it. In mine, we are sitting in your father's home, my grandmother's, playing under cigarette smoke that looks like lilting clouds. You tell me you speak its language and I believe you. You have hair long enough to sit on, hair that weighs you down when you dance but your arms

are stronger because of it. I have only visited your home once and your Home twice but that does not stop you from buying me sticky *xue tiao* from the side of the street and for the first time I am allowed to wipe the clinging sugar on bushes to let them taste sweetness too. It does not stop you from carrying me over rain puddles, nestled in the space where collarbones go and clomping around in mustard boots with the laces half-tied. We laugh until our sides hurt.

In the book you gave me the word *melted* is a synonym for the word *sorry* and I hope you know that I am. I am melting I do not remember much about you besides the hair and the unusually strong arms and the boots. I am melting your Father kept adding empty bottles to the table instead of making them full and I am melting I did not notice. I mistook smoke for clouds in your life and when He became that too I could not buy you anything. I have come back to his house, my grandmother's, after you left and never spoke to our side again, our side of the house, our side of the window, our side that hurts. The rain sometimes visits and I hear ghosts of your life, whispers of sweet bushes and a new Home and I hope these are true. I know if I saw you again we would be ruined by how much we have swelled and do not remember, but I am holding you now and the gray has dripped away. It has become the blue of distance and I can see you dancing.

*it is raining and  
in a puddle a gingko  
leaf floats. It is young.*

I cradle it in the space where collarbones go and tell it thank you.



*India Ink and Pen Sketch by Marguerite Trost*



# Totality

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*Browning Clark*

the world stilled  
as the words of the sky were  
highlighted  
by the brevity of night

goodnight sun  
goodday moon

# Origins of Life

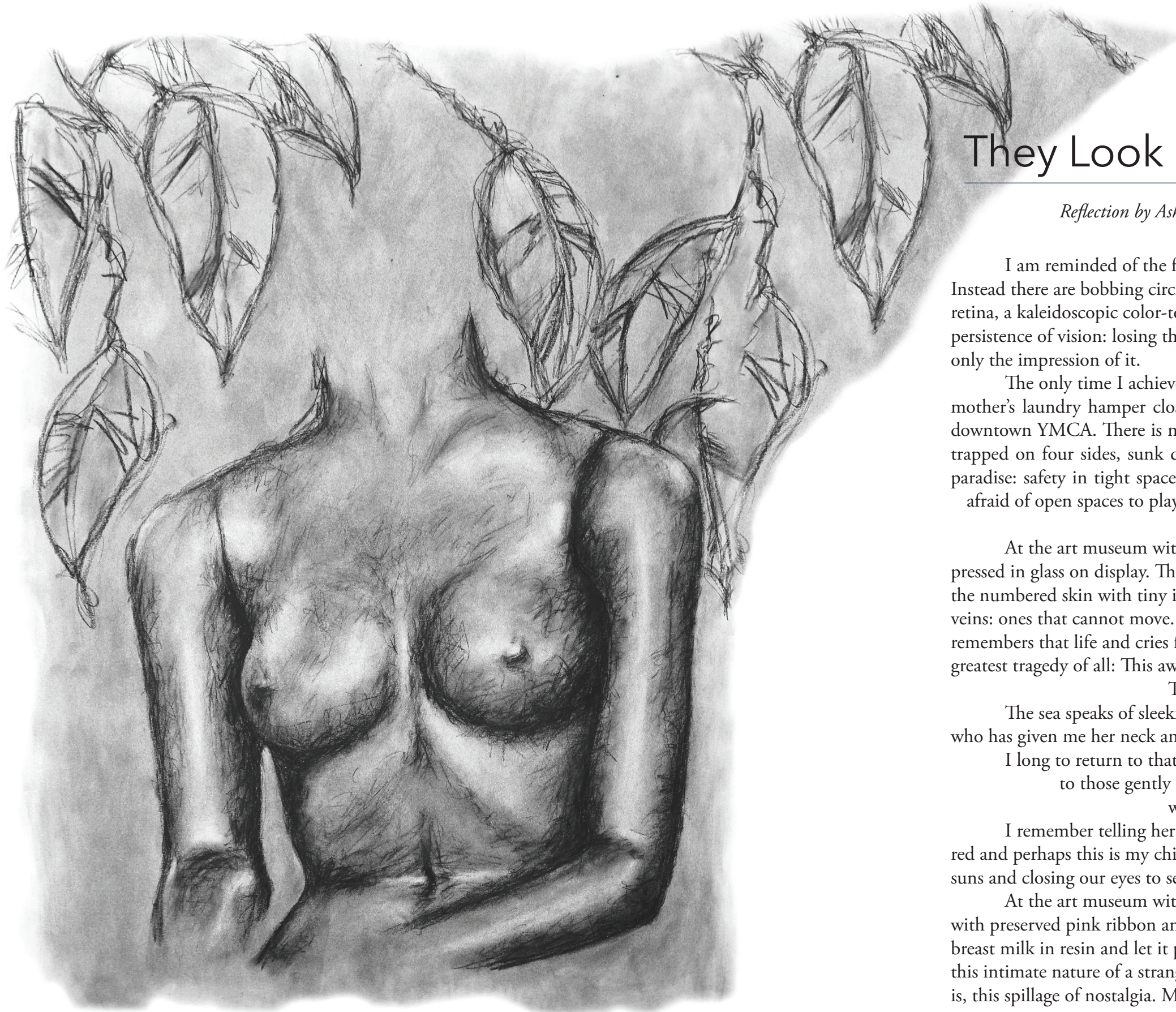
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*Meg Beuter*

A cell morphs into a whale  
Swim, walk, fly, jump, speak  
A larva grows wings and strength  
Eons or fleeting moments?

*Photograph by Ellie Truitt*





## They Look Like Wings, From Afar

*Reflection by Ashley Zhu • Charcoal on Paper by Avery Taylor*

I am reminded of the feeling when I close my eyes and there is not darkness. Instead there are bobbing circles, effervescent drops of light that swim around in the retina, a kaleidoscopic color-top with blending colors. My friend tells me this is the persistence of vision: losing the sight of something but keeping the light within, if only the impression of it.

The only time I achieve full darkness is when I am young and huddled in my mother's laundry hamper closet, the one with the towels we have stolen from the downtown YMCA. There is not enough room for my body and I delight in it. I am trapped on four sides, sunk down with knees against my heart and perhaps this is paradise: safety in tight spaces and only retinal impressions to remember. I am too afraid of open spaces to play outside and perhaps this what a tulip bud feels like, waiting to bloom.

At the art museum with the tulips outside, there is a diagram of vulnerability pressed in glass on display. The artist has scanned the surface of his body and spread the numbered skin with tiny incisions to rest on two planes. I think of the cuts as veins: ones that cannot move. I think of Mary Oliver's "The Sea," when her body remembers that life and cries for the lost parts of itself—and that seems to me the greatest tragedy of all: This awareness of lost capacity.

They look like wings, from afar.

The sea speaks of sleekness and I think of my mother, who has given me her neck and bow-shaped legs.

I long to return to that space,  
to those gently sloping curves of slender bone,  
when we used to walk together in evenings.

I remember telling her that the sun was a tomato because it was falling and red and perhaps this is my childhood: spent sleeking through evenings with tomato suns and closing our eyes to see it again after it fades.

At the art museum with the tulips outside, there is a mother room. One with preserved pink ribbon and charred wood, where the artist has preserved her breast milk in resin and let it puddle to the ground. I am made uncomfortable by this intimate nature of a stranger. Supposedly this is what sprawling in motherhood is, this spillage of nostalgia. My mother tells me the puddle is beautiful.



I think her hands are but do not tell  
her so.  
This art excursion happens only after my grandmother dies,  
the one I did not know.  
I have three memories of her, all lying in white sheets.

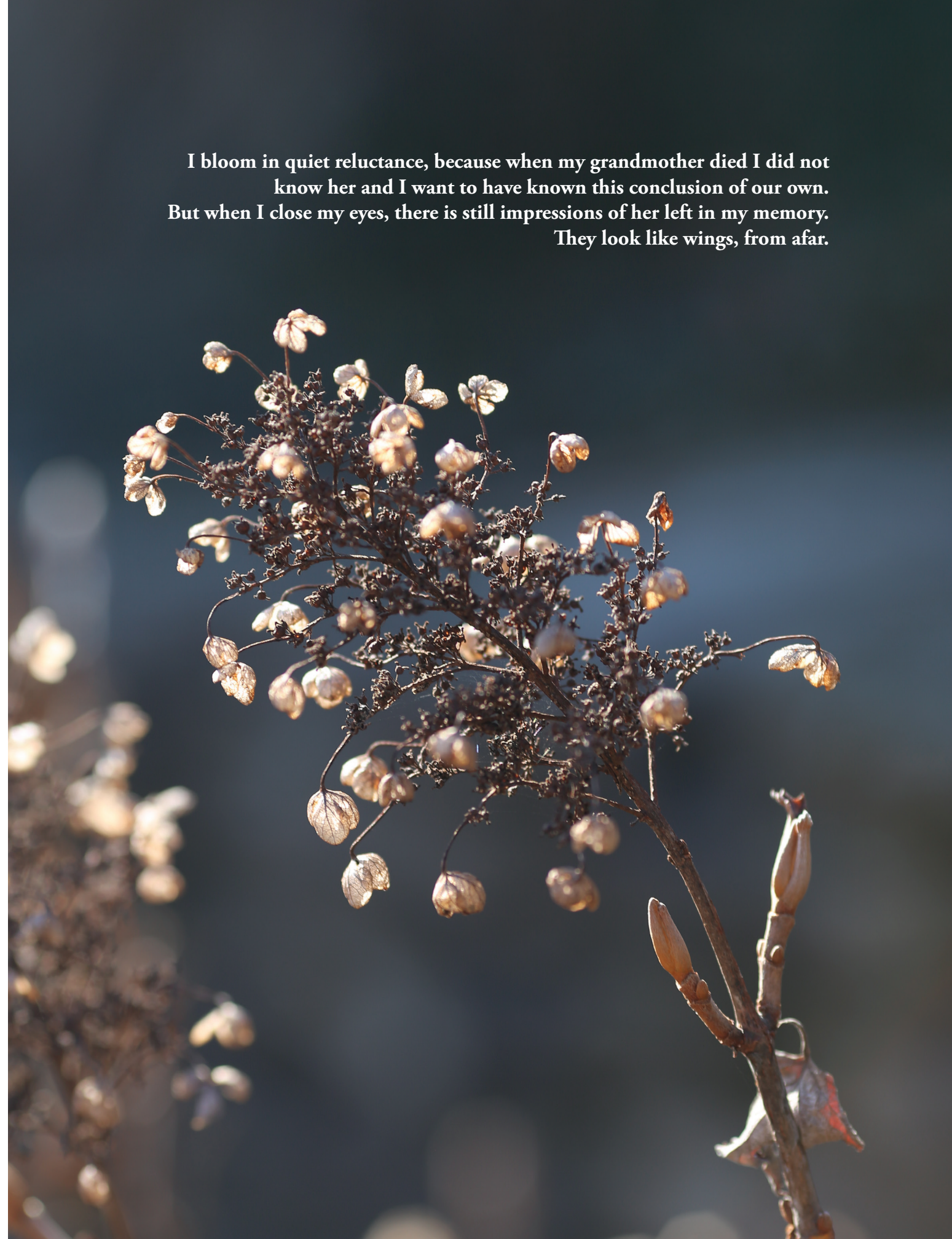
My mother makes a trundle bed under her mother's hospital one  
and sleeps there all the nights she can, but her children are in a foreign country  
(a home country that is not ours) and we need to be slept with too. Her mother  
gets mad at her because she chooses us instead.  
My second memory is of my grandmother making pancakes like she is painting.  
She likes to drizzle the onion batter in shapes, like the mountains we climb next  
to the apartment. We cannot get enough of them.  
The last time I look at her it is the longest. We have gathered, all anonymous  
family, to stare at the swollen mass that has been scanned and spread with tiny  
incisions. My mother cries because she has children and she is a child  
and this seems to me the greatest tragedy.

This sea speaks of becoming once more a flaming body,  
to surrender oneself to the world again and again every day as if within us we  
are carrying an orchard of vulnerability,  
these small moments that make up the big ones.  
And yet these moments remain in our eyes.  
Psychologists call this phenomenon positive afterimages, where a visual retinal  
impression is left in the memory for about a tenth of a second after the light has  
disappeared.  
Hence, when people blink the world does not  
vanish into blackness,  
instead the lights stay on.

I feel as if I am losing parts of my mother. The tulips are losing theirs and they  
begin  
to bloom.  
I am not ready for the brightness, this terrible light that will sear my eyes and  
take me away to another place to sleep. I am not ready to surrender onto open  
skies and  
vanish away small mother moments I am meant to keep.

*Photograph by Valerie Sheehan*

I bloom in quiet reluctance, because when my grandmother died I did not  
know her and I want to have known this conclusion of our own.  
But when I close my eyes, there is still impressions of her left in my memory.  
They look like wings, from afar.





# 1942

*Dramatic Monologue by Margaret Gaw • Painting by Maya Misra*

In 1899, the sentry's smoke set me free from the Boer bars.  
By train, I fled among stacks of coal, which sparked a flame in my  
will, my resolve, my loyalty.  
War was my engine.

From coal to oil, I lubricated the Navy,  
built the ships for His Majesty's Government,  
sanctioned my ships to be refueled at sea,  
anointed with the strength and security of the Empire.



I took my oils to Chartwell, away from the honks  
of the Hamptons and Hillmans and gasoline.  
I burned as Hitler laid out his plan brick by brick—  
which I charted well—until the powder keg  
stood on the verge of explosion.  
Chamberlain slid through his fingers like kerosene—  
Hitler only had to light the match.  
It was then that I was allowed to revive  
the half-forgotten notion that  
I was born the child of the House  
and wore the flag of the Commonwealth  
like a red coat.

Let us face the continued trial ahead with vigor and fire  
that will never succumb to the douse of German hostility.  
Let us have confidence in our Navy, Army, and Admiralty  
and likewise, caution, for if we fail, our Empire  
along with Western civilization will fall upon the ashes.

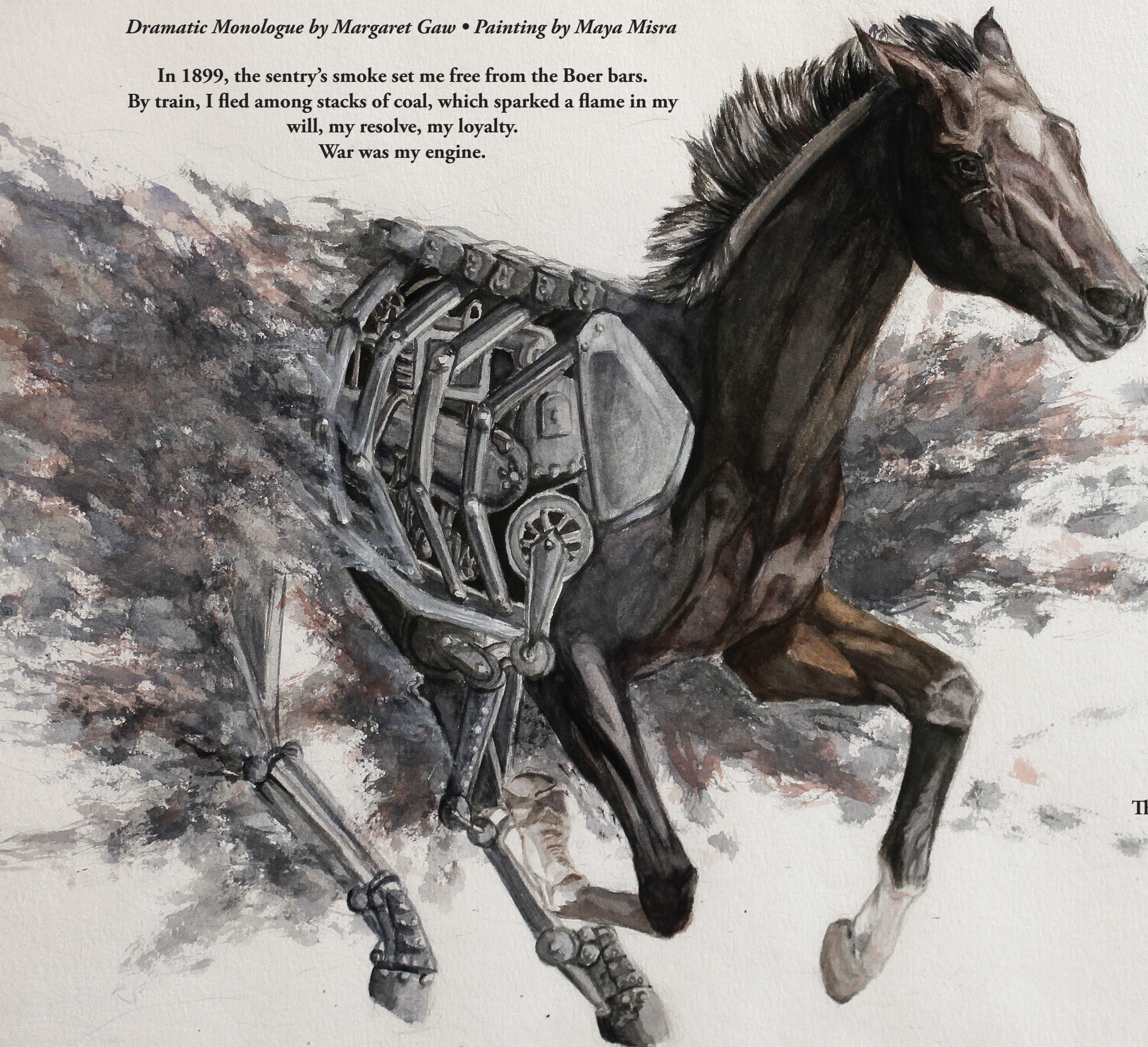
We are not alone.

The United States, our brothers and sisters,  
join the fight for victory and together,  
we will extinguish the hell of Hitler.

From war-monger to war-lord,  
I have become the lid of this pressure cooker,  
though a quaking lid, for I am constrained  
by the smoke of the bombs and their aftermath,  
the smoke of the Americans' ammunition,  
the smoke of my own cigar.

The exhaust erodes our supplies, my lungs, our energies, and our vim.

But if we never surrender, if we keep up the fight,  
if we maintain our Island and her Commonwealth,  
in God's good time, we shall be victorious.  
And the fog will clear.







## Dali—A (Mis)Leading Man

*Dramatic Monologue by Valerie Sheehan • Ink Sketch (Digitized) by Adele Grohovsky*

Who am I?  
A long answer, indeed—  
we will be here a while,  
perhaps.  
(do not watch the clock—  
watching time dwindle  
will only frighten you)  
Would you like a mustache?  
Healthier than cigarettes, you know.  
No?  
No one ever does dare to touch them.  
This is proof of the  
sacred aspect of mustaches,  
I believe. Sit, then  
(do not watch the clock)  
and listen.  
  
I begin  
with an egg—  
golden yolk to mark the sunrise,  
cracking over minutes,  
dripping down the clock,  
chrysanthemum yellow melting  
as dawn falls away  
in eggshell fragments.  
  
Sit, sit!  
Perhaps  
my answer is more mystery  
than not—  
but do not run from confusion.  
Absurdity is your friend.  
In fact,  
everything that is  
contradictory creates  
life.  
See, I am a master  
of capturing confusion,

then letting it go,  
spill over the edges  
and tear across a canvas,  
wreak chaos in the mind's eye.  
I save my mystery  
for the nighttime  
hours spent awake and  
dreaming vivid,  
splashing stolen intoxication  
across the page.

Let me continue.

I am the sun,  
I am the moon,  
butterfly wings  
in the middle of June,  
I am the locusts,  
the famine,  
the drought and the rain,  
lemon, coffee,  
sugarcane.  
I am the smell of death  
that lingers in whitewashed walls,  
and black bead ants  
crushed against the floor—  
take me,  
I am hallucinogenic;

I don't do drugs.  
I am drugs.

Strange, you say?

No, I am not strange.  
I am just not normal.

Let me continue.

I will leap from the mouth of the sea,  
tiger claws drawn  
and battle cry fully formed on my lips.  
(The sun is setting—  
do not watch the clock)  
I will ride illusion like the crest of a wave,  
white foam to scratch the sky,  
touch the midnight sun and  
midday stars  
alike.  
Let my enemies devour  
each other,  
jaws gaping,  
teeth scraping,  
tongues red with blood.

A madman?  
No, I am not a madman.



The difference between  
me and a madman is that  
I'm not mad.

Let me continue.

I age with all the finesse  
of a house-fire,  
roaring and wild  
and (the flame that burns  
twice as bright burns)  
half as long.

I am everlasting,  
I am memory  
(that's the thing about memories—  
like jewels,  
the false ones look the most real,  
the most brilliant):

embers glowing soft,  
fading into dust,  
I will stretch my days  
into reminiscence,  
paint myself into history,  
charcoal on a page  
(do not watch the clock).

And the sun will set,  
and my yolk will slip off the edge  
of the table,  
golden puddle running like paint,  
fingers scrabbling on wood,  
(do not watch the clock,  
do not watch the time)  
and fall like a star  
to the floor.

Oh, God, let me continue.



## Mae's Diamond Deck

*Dramatic Monologue by Lizzy Asad • Oil Pastel Sketch by Katie Dovan*

I am a Queen,  
Drowning in diamonds and  
sparkling with savvy.  
A starlet that even the moon could fall in love with  
My name is MAE WEST.  
Smoking white letters inked across a coal screen,  
A murmur that slips before taking a drag.  
A sort of name that sticks in your head,  
Long after the lights turn back on  
And the cigarette stops working its magic.

My magic never stops.  
How I dazzle under the club's spotlight!  
Yes, I was the one your mother warned you about  
And the one who made your father loosen his tie.  
I command the stage, a modern day Napoleon  
Except no Russian winter could stop me—  
I have mink fur for that.  
Whenever I sing, I light a match bright enough for your wildest dreams;  
If you are good enough, perhaps I'll make them come true.  
My pen is mightier than any man's sword.  
No one could defeat me in a battle of wits  
nor in a battle of hearts.

I am not picky with my men.  
You could call me the Ruined Mary.  
Lust clings to my every curve.  
Allure is my perfume.  
Aphrodite wishes she had me on speed dial  
Diamonds are my apples...  
Don't you agree that forbidden has a twinkle to it?





I always keep a deck of suitors at hand.  
I would stack them into precarious palaces  
Up to the heavens!  
But with one blow,  
Down to hell.  
There are so many to choose from...  
A Black Jack who dominated the boxing ring.  
A Red King who commanded the camera.  
The White Ace who muscled his way into my heart  
And stayed.

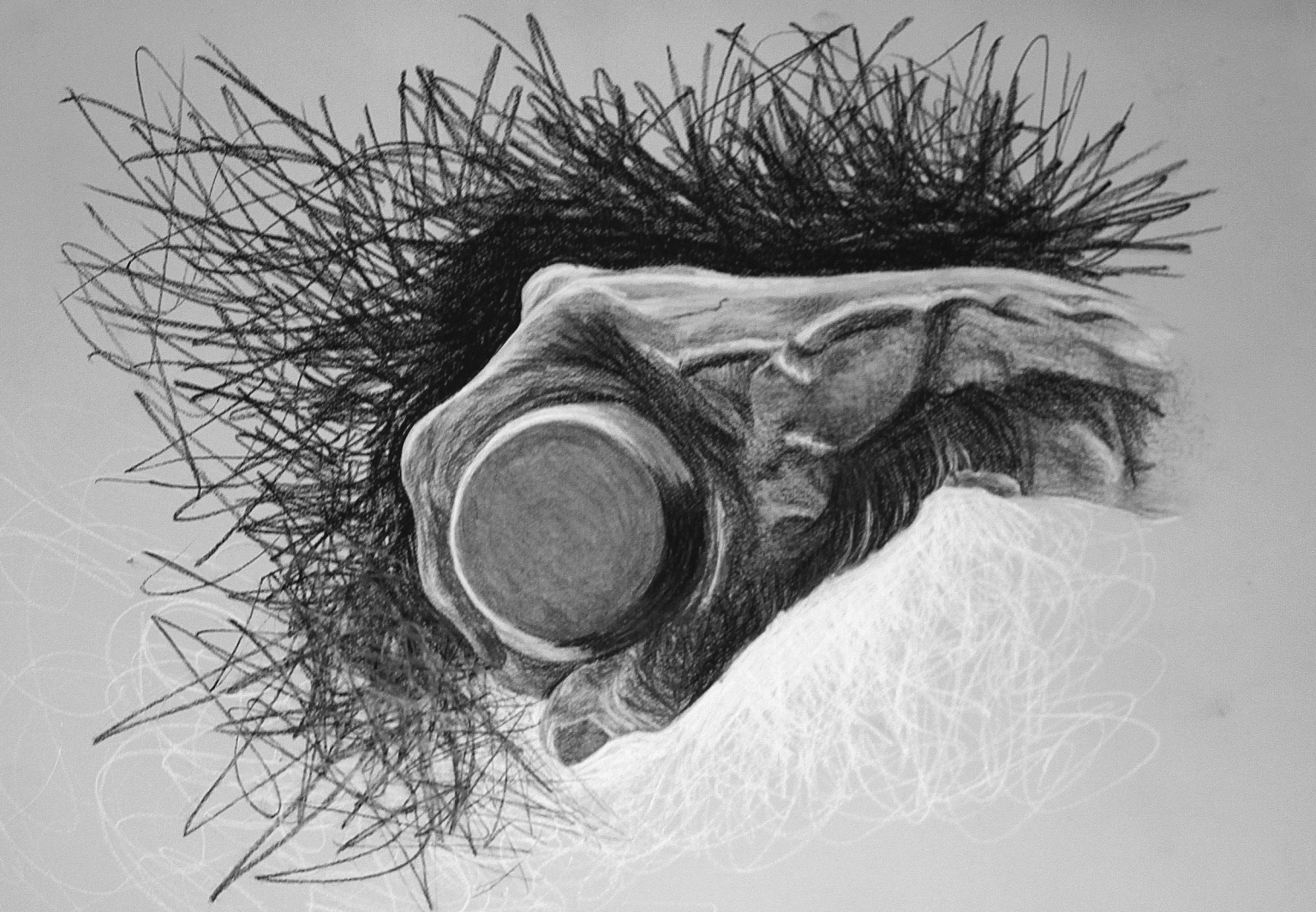
Yet with every love seemed to come a Joker!  
Those who used their spades  
To condemn my body,  
To shred my words,  
To poison my legacy.  
How they feared female sexuality.  
The game of censorship is the only game I never want to play.  
They took my throne and scrubbed the gold out of it.  
How they buzzed and blacklisted and bitched...  
Their noise never stops.

But neither do I.  
My name is MAE WEST.  
I shuffle sin and deal desire.  
I play every card life deals me.  
Remember: you only live once,  
but if you do it right,  
once is enough.  
I am a queen,  
A dangerous one,  
For I don't rule kingdoms.  
I rule hearts.

*Micron Pen on Drawing Paper by Maggie Tattersfield*







## The Eighth Debate

*Dramatic Monologue by Stella Vujic • Charcoal Sketch by Adele Grohovsky*

*This monologue by Abraham Lincoln takes place during his highly publicized debates with Stephen Douglas in 1858 as a part of their campaigns for Senator from Illinois. Douglas was a pro-slavery Democrat and author of the infamous Kansas-Nebraska Act, while Lincoln was known to be morally against slavery and fought politically against its expansion. There were a total of seven debates; here I imagined the "Eighth Debate." Lincoln was consistently noted for his great prowess as a storyteller and was also known to carry around a copy of the Declaration of Independence.*

•

Now, an origin story—stay awhile, Judge  
For my tale tells the foundation of a philosophy which I have so emphasized this past year:  
A house divided against itself cannot stand.



Once upon a time, Thomas, George, John, Ben  
And many more of their fellow American men  
Built a gleaming edifice, small at first but mighty enough  
To make Buckingham and the Winter Palace quake.  
A great house, Thomas declared, that stood for every man's entitlement to the trifecta:  
Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.  
They built two stately wings on the ground level,  
Installed a great deal of kitchen cabinetry on the second,  
And judiciously furnished nine rooms on the third;  
These became the pillars of the Freedom House.  
Numerous additions were made so that the house spread out in all directions  
And became filled with an array of American people.

However, an issue remains:  
The foundation was laid on the backs of slaves.

A crack in the cornerstone of the Freedom House appeared manageable at the start,  
Since George had more pressing issues to attend to—  
As did John and Thomas.  
But the crack as of late has forced its way  
Beneath the floorboards of the Southern half, nearly forcing it to break away.  
The Northern part, however, was not designed to stand singularly.  
Indeed, if the house cannot be one, it will be zero.

Here lies the root of the matter:  
The crack, left unchecked,  
Has fractioned into factions  
These United States, which I find  
No longer reminiscent of a harmonious whole.

Now, Judge, I ask you to consider  
The consequences of your Act;  
It rots the core of our sacred Declaration  
And threatens millions with homelessness.

Do you dare contradict our maxim, freedom for all?  
I invite you, sir—lay down the law.





*Gratitude Circle by Ashley Zhu*

# The Light of Us

## On the Power of Young Women



*This section is dedicated to Dr. Stephanie Balmer, who, in turn, was dedicated to us.*

*Her life was devoted to women and the strength that each woman carries within herself. She was a beacon in our community who not only radiated joy, but also recognized the light within each of us. Some of her greatest strengths were her power of inclusion and her capability to make anyone feel worthwhile. This section is for women who empower women and women who empower themselves.*

*Color Pencil Drawing by Grace Scowden*





## Empowered

*Essay by Margaret Rogers • Digital Art by Ellie Truitt*

I grew up in the (mostly) happy swirl of a big family. We live in one of those old neighborhoods where the small houses get torn down and replaced with enormous houses, but as our family grew—from six people to seven to eight—our little red brick house stayed the same. We burst out of it and into the yard, which was filled with toy swords and basketballs and faded Fisher Price cars. I loved dinner time: eight of us crowded around the stainless-steel countertop retelling old stories just to hear one another laugh. Sometimes, though, that laughter came at others' expense—specifically, mine. My parents weren't always aware of the undercurrent: they saw the

laughter but didn't understand how often the laughter targeted me.

My big brothers are big—6'3", 6'4", and 6'5." Their personalities are even bigger. They dominated the family with their quick wit, and my little brother and sister and I looked up to them in both fear and awe. Everyone seemed to love them, and I desperately wanted to be in their club, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't break in. I was the butt of every joke, the inevitable punching bag. "I'm telling" was my anthem.

In the boys' room next to mine was a rickety old bunk bed. Besides being their bed it was also their jungle gym. They back-flipped off the top and used the upper rail for pull-ups. It groaned and swayed with their weight. I liked to sit and watch them gleefully risk their lives and my mother's trust, but I never joined for fear of embarrassing myself.

One day, however, after being a spectator for so long, I timidly climbed to the top bunk. It wasn't so bad, and finally, finally I would have my brothers' approval. Just as I was flipping my legs over my head to stick a perfect landing, I heard an unmistakable crack. I watched the entire bunk bed teeter and fall to its demise behind me. My brothers couldn't believe their luck. They sprinted down the hallway, hollering to my mom about the crime I had just committed. They knew as well as I did that I wasn't the real cause of the calamity. I weighed forty-five pounds. One of my brothers weighed close to 150 pounds, and the others weren't far behind. And yet I felt humiliated. Somehow I always felt humiliated. Every effort to gain their approval backfired.

When I started attending Harpeth Hall, I often heard how much my voice mattered. And soon I started to believe it. One day, while the family was finishing dinner, my brothers got on the subject of how much easier women have it compared to men—a favorite subject of theirs. As I watched them banter and pontificate as usual, something cracked open inside me. Three years of all-girls education asserted itself. Tired of having my arguments shut down and belittled, I explained gender inequality to my seventeen-, eighteen-, and nineteen-year-old brothers; I argued the absurdity of double standards, of insufficient maternity leave, of the over-sexualization of women in entertainment. They responded the way they always did, with jokes intended to derail and minimize my argument. But it didn't matter; that day, I showed up for myself, and it felt powerful.

At Harpeth Hall, we support a girls' school in Lwala in the belief that empowered girls change their cultures. In standing up to my brothers, I changed the culture of my family. Nothing much changed that first day, but a change did begin. For much of my life, I desperately wanted to be a part of my brothers' club. When I quit trying to join on their terms (which were stacked against me), they wanted me in too. My family of eight has learned to respect each other, from the youngest to the oldest. My brothers are as big as ever, but the rest of us have gotten bigger, too.



# Does Loss Have Mass?

---

*Bianca Sass*

A girl has an obsession with pressing her own bruises  
Seeing in negatives, memorizing silhouettes  
(Eyes attuned to the absence of light)

In Germany, a physicist tastes light, like raindrops  
Lets it drizzle into his open mouth  
Watches how the body sheds photons, trails luminescence  
(How the earth is ablaze with seven billion suns)

Left in the wake of an ending, a girl is blinded  
By goodbye  
How people drip shadows at the  
heel Painting themselves into one  
another (Bleeding when they part)


How stars swallow each other whole sometimes  
(People do too)

The universe was born in a glow  
But light is also an epilogue  
The exhale of an atom, each person's footprints through space  
(Both the light which we take, and that which we give)

*Ink and Watercolor (detail) by Mary Johnson*





A full-page photograph of a white seagull in flight, viewed from below. The bird's wings are spread wide, showing the intricate structure of the feathers. Its head is turned slightly to the right, and its long, pointed beak is a pale yellowish-orange. The background is a vibrant blue sky filled with soft, white, wispy clouds. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

*Photograph by Emma Farrington*

As I lay on the sand dunes watching the stars and the Milky Way move into my field of vision, a breath escaped my lips as the beauty of the sky washed over me. The world around me was absolutely breathtaking, but that wasn't what made it so special. I had made it here, on my own.

*Isabelle Kohler*



# An Offering

*Reflection by Ashley Zhu • Monoprint by Marguerite Trost*



The water is rippling, and I know it is time.

Light embraces the surface of our backyard pond. It is small, the wingspan of two children with hands outstretched (a fact my brother and I tested once in a frozen winter). It is autumn now, cold air coaxing flushes out of my cheeks. The water ripples, and I know it is time. Soon, the tadpoles emerge. I watch as they glide and cannot help but desire to be among them, to stream along in quick triumphant lilt: momentous and certain.

In a crevice nearby there is another, smaller than the rest, swimming slowly by itself in circles. It is me in that eddy, confused and still learning how to breathe. As she swims I think of two years ago when air sucked out of me in rushes, urgent and sour, symptoms of panic attacks. My eyes had only developed inward then, focused on my black and unshaped self. My greatest fear was not being enough, and I felt useless, a consumer of space and nothing more.

I envelop the small, trembling life in my palms and take her to join the others. Once released, she quivers once, and then begins to dance. Her teacher will tell her dancing should feel like ruination, as if all the energy poured into it should leave her feeling drained, but she will disagree. The energy she invests comes back two-fold because to her, dancing is pure creation. It is an act of making whole once more, and this will be the solution. Dance will teach her, most vividly, how to breathe again.

It will begin as an escape, as a space to feign confidence, providing her with an excuse to glide with certainty. Yet soon, her eyes develop outwards. As she swirls around her companions, she begins to see their connection, how if her limb goes too wide, someone else's must go smaller, how each being fills up another's negative space. Suddenly, she realizes that she is AMONG them. She does not consume space; rather, she is a part of it. With this epiphany, she finally feels a part of the world, submerged and welcomed, watching sunlight seep in under green algae, oh, she realizes, this is joy! To feel aware of this flow, this natural rhythm of the world where everyone is intertwined, is to taste sustenance. Trembling and clear, finally she feels connected, surrendering to being enough. Light shines in willingly now, through her spaces, the thin membrane of development. The rhythm of awareness is in everything she does, hidden and unfurling. She has been provided with enough senses to look, and touch, and love, and that is enough. With this, she is capable of brilliance.

This moment, by the pond, is a small one. To live is to surrender oneself again and again to these small moments that make up the big ones, to recognize them, and to offer them back to one another. In this way we will pass along gratitude, pass along joy. Awareness ripples through us, in us, this bright brimming thing that will spread sunlit fingers over our eyelids and let us see the light.

I want to be deserving of this breath. I want to be aware, to be submerged in brightness, spilling green joy into the spaces of others, to be engaged in the warmth and weight of the bodies around me. I want to understand the depth of making something beautiful, for what I understand is what I will ripple outwards into the world. It is time for me to do so.

I cradle the tadpole in my hands once more before moving. She is learning, in graceful fits and starts, how to unfurl.

You ask what I have to offer.

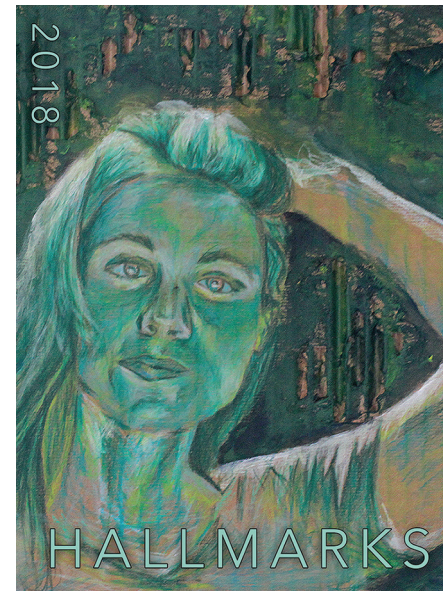
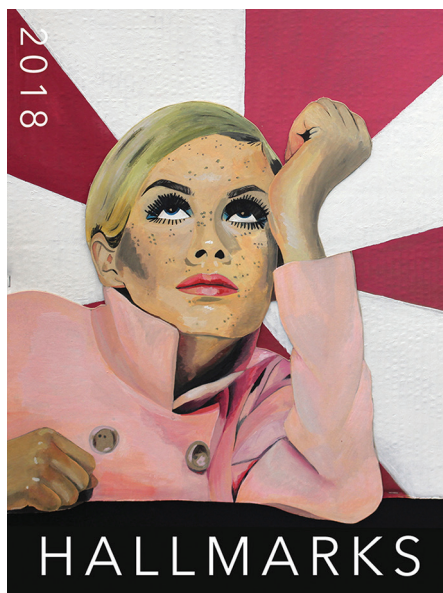
I can offer this life to envelop in the palm of your hand. Enough.



# Cover Finalists

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Each year that Harpeth Hall students produce *Hallmarks*, a spirited debate occurs over the art that will be featured on the magazine's cover. This year, the *Hallmarks* editorial staff was so taken with each option that we thought our readers would enjoy seeing all of the finalists that ran neck-and-neck with the lovely piece—by Grace Scowden—that graces our cover.



*Artwork (clockwise from the upper left on the opposite page) by Eleanor Henderson, Maya Misra, Maddie Miller, Maggie Tattersfield; artwork (above, from left) by Ashley Zhu and Ellie Truitt.*

## The Staff of Hallmarks

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**Literary Editors** • Lizzy Asad, LC Essary, Jennie Gaw, Annie Griffin, Clare Hughes, Elizabeth Massey, Maya Misra, Bushra Rahman, Valerie Sheehan, Ellie Truitt, Ashley Zhu

**Layout Editor** • Valerie Sheehan

**Layout Assistants** • Maggie Bacurin, Sydney Clayton, Bucky Fuchs, Annie Griffin, Ainsley Hanrahan, Cole Hastings, Isabel Long, Emma Lowe, Grace Miller, Bushra Rahman, Ashley Zhu

**Faculty Advisers** • Mr. Joe Croker, Ms. Denise Croker, and Mr. Peter Goodwin



# My Dog

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*Grace Scowden*

He waddles to me  
And plops down on his belly  
He wants to be fed  
But he just ate from the garbage  
He is obese the vet says

